"Good work!" commended Daring. "Fine

Six into twelve goes twice—and a gurgling

stream cooling a nice, gentlemanly little

cried Polly. "This stuff will poison her

"Unnatural mother!" moaned Mrs. Dar-

ing. "Only enough for twelve and six of

us to feed, yet you'd waste one and give

Marjorie the indigestion at the same fell

"There's something in this country life,

"Now; aren't we going to start now?"

be glad first to listen to my latest chapter."

"It is on a highly interesting and impor-

treats of the influence of militarism in de-

veloping castes, shows the social evolu-

tion of the tribal status into larger but

classified communities. The gradual—"
"Tell you what you do," interrupted Dar-

ing. "Chuck the chapter into the hamper

saw such a deuce of a stream to gurgle.

Honest, Max, regular gurgles like the poets

write of. Tie a nice little bottle or two or

three by the neck and hang 'em from a limb

of a tree, and there they are right in the

water-cooling in the gurgling water, while

the girls get out the sandwiches. Then

when we've all had a bite to eat and a nip

or two and feel fine and sleepy you give us that chapter. Grand idea! What?"

the charms of literature against the charms

of my wife's sandwiches—and a gurgling stream. Come! Can we all ride in your

car, or shall I order mine? For the love of

heaven, Bob, don't handle that basket of

sandwiches so roughly. We must be gentle

THE SLEEPING SEAL.

Lots of People Always Waiting to See Him

Fall Off the Table.

Vistors at the Aquarium never tire of

watching the harbor seals, and one thing

that pleases them particularly is to see the

seals fall off their table when they go to

There are three harbor seals here, and

in the middle of their pool there are placed

close together two solid low tables, their

tops just above the water, on which the

seals climb out as they would on rocks

to sleep or to rest. And sometimes one or

another of the seals will climb out of the

water to one of those tables and lie there

on it, maybe close along the edge at one

side and perhaps with its head and the for-

ward part of its body hanging over the edge

of the table in front, apparently all the

time in imminent danger of rolling off the

table at the side or of pitching off head first into the water in front.

in front droops lower and lower, and then the dozing seal recovers it with a little

jerk, just as a person dozing in a chair would do. And this nodding interests the people greatly, for really every time the seal nods it seems as if it must go, but

the seal nods it seems as if it must go, but it nods and nods and still manages to bring its head up in time and stay on the table. And then maybe its head drops so far that in recovering it the seal does all but lose its balance, and at that a little murmur runs around the pool and the people settle down to watch more intently still.

And if they stay long enough, as they are pretty sure to do, they are rewarded. The first thing you know the sleeping seal's head drops too far down, till its nose all but touches the water and he gives his head and shoulders a jerk and tries to recover himself, but this time he's too far over and away he goes off the table head first into the water, and then a buzz runs around

exclaiming, expressing their interest

seal pool waiting to see the seal fall off

THE TROLLEY DOG.

A Black and Tan Whose Daily Sport Is to

The trolley dog has appeared in Brooklyn.

He deserves his name just as much as the

coach dog does, although up to date there

is not enough of him to make a separate

class at the dog show.

So far only one of the type has been observed and his habits studied. This specimen has his habitat in the car barns of the DeKalb avenue line. As one of the conductors put it, he "belongs to us."

By birth and breeding this dog is a black and tor His interest however seems to

and tan. His interest, however, seems to be centred solely in the trolley cars and the men who run them. One thing he must have daily, and that is a ride on a car, or more thickly a transfer a ride on a car, or more

daily, and that is a ride on a car, or more strictly speaking a run with a car.

If you go to Brooklyn by a DeKalb avenue car very late some night when travel is slack you may see this trolley dog sitting proudly on the front seat behind the motorman. As soon as the car gets fairly started over the bridge the dog, who answers to the name of Bob, will jump off and race the car most of the way across. He is very

the car most of the way across. He is very

the car most of the way across. He is very adept at dodging the milk wagons. When he gets tired of exercise Bob will mount the front seat again. But he is not allowed to rest. The conductor will whistle to him and Bob will perform a high hurdle dash back over the seats. He takes each seat at a separate jump. No sooner is he on the back platform than the motorman whistles for him and back Bob will go by the same method. The return is a harder job, as a study of the topography of an open trolley car will show.

Bob does not remain idle for any length of time. At the sight of another dog or a cat

of time. At the sight of another dog or a cat he is off the car in a jiffy for an exchange of greetings. Sometimes he has to be recalled

Ride on the Cars.

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

with what we love."

sleep.

"Futile!" moaned the Major, "to offer

and we'll have it for desert. You neve

believe she'd like one of these."

sure!" declared Daring.

of things to do and eat."

"When?" asked Polly.

take any one else."

bottle or so."

blow!

groaned.

Some Hints as to Proper Dress-Little Adventures With Strange Hotels-A Hunt for Clam Chowder That Was Rewarded -Delightful Scenery by the Way

"If you want a summer trip that is cheap, delightful and entirely out of the ordinary, said the woman who likes novelties, "try the poor man's automobile. Last year travelled by trolley from New York to Eliot, Me., a distance of almost 300 miles; had the time of my life, visited half & dozen friends, saw miles of country that I had never seen before and that I never should have seen from a railway train, had a lot of jolly adventures-and paid out for transportation just exactly \$4.95. I could have done it for less if I had been careful. This year when my holiday comes around I'm going to do the same stunt-only I shall strike off toward the Berkshires instead of travelling north as I did before.

What one wants of a smelly, uncertain, dangerous thing like a motor car when one has the trolleys," she went on, "I'm sure I don't know. You can travel through just about the same country-both in kind and extent-and you can have many of the charms of motoring. If you sit on the front seat of an open car, as I always do, you get just that bracing sensation of rushing straight into the teeth of the wind that you do in a motor car. You get the fresh air and the coolness and the rapid motion and the beautiful and diversified scenery. Unlike a railway train, which usually runs on a dead level and in a straight line and through the most repulsive parts of towns, the trolley takes you up hill and down dale and around all sorts of fascinating curves and through the show parts of every settlement it traverses. Furthermore-and this has always meant a great deal to me-you are enabled to see the landscape opening out before your eyes as you do from an automobile, and not whirled past your eyes as you see it from a

"Lastly, you don't have to worry about time tables and clocks. When you get ready to start you go out and get into your conveyance—the only differences between you and the owner of the most expensive automobile being that you have to walk automobile being that you have to walk out to the corner of your street to take it and that you may have to wait five minutes or so before it comes along. For ten cents you can get at any book store a trolley guide that will give you minute and explicit directions as to how to get anywhere you want to go and tell you how long the journey will take, how far it is and what it will cost. "Of course," she continued, "in trolleying

you have to use a little more than the usual amount of sense in the matter of luggage and clothes. It should go without saying that the first should be the lightest possible and that the last must be designed to enable you to get on and off cars quickly and easily, to remain presentable in the face of hard usage and wet weather, to provide against

usage and wet weather, to provide against sudden changes in temperature and to feel light and comfortable on the body "My own baggage consisted of a small soft leather handbag of phenomenal lightness, about ten inches wide by fifteen long and perfectly flat like a portfolio when empty, but, like a portfolio, capable of considerable distention. Into this bag I packed a fine cambric nightgown, a soft silk skirt and waist rolled tight to prevent wrinking a brush a comb a toothbrush. wrinkling, a brush, a comb, a toothbrush, a cake of toilet soap, a cake of laundry soap of a brand that will wash clothes clean in cold water, some clean handkerchiefs and stockings, and a fresh union suit and under-

My costume was composed of a washable "My costume was composed of a washable silk waist, a short, light weight wool'en skirt, a close fitting felt hat trimmed only with a silk scarf and having a brim wide enough to shade the eyes, and an automobile veil for securing my hat and saving my eyes and complexion. All these things were of a certain shade of gray that is very artistic and becoming and which never shows dirt. For underclothing I worse snly a thin cot. For underclothing I wore only a thin cot-ton union suit and a petticoat buttoned to a loose musiin underwaist, so that its weight ipported by the shoulders instead of the hips. With no corsets and no con-stricting waistbands I found that I never really suffered from the fatigue of the long sitting on the hard seats. Also I carried with me a long, light rain coat, which I

found very comforting as a cushion as well as a wrap.

"As I had been invited to spend the weekend with friends at their country place on the Sound near Noroton, I left New York about noon on Saturday and got to my destination just in time for dinner. I passed a delightful Sunday, and on Monday morning after a leisurely late breakfast with my friends I went out and took my senter. Evidence of the senter of the sente

car for Bridgepert.
"The ride from Noroton to Bridgeport is very charming-along a green highway shaded with fine old Connecticut elms and snaded with fine old Connecticut eims and through quaint old villages with glimpses of the Sound here and there between the trees—and is just long enough to give you a good appetite for lunch. I satisfied mine with a bowl of bread and milk and a saucer of real country blueberries at a neat little restaurant near the spot where I was put off the car. Thus sustained, I continued my journey to New Haven, where some cousins of mine were expecting me to spend the night. We made the run of twenty-two miles between Bridgeport and New Haven in just two hours, and it was great fun.
Part of the road is laid along the beach and
you seem to fly along the water's edge.

"The next morning, although my cousins

begged me to remain a few days with them begged me to remain a few days with them, I went on to Hartford, arriving just in time to lunch at the home of some friends of mine. Although I hadn't seen them for a long time I broke away from them about 2 o'clock and took the car for Springfield.

"Then came the very best part of the trip. I shall never forget that quaint, delightful old town of Longmeadow—just a long, exquisitely kept village green shaded with splendid old trees, with the road and the trolley line running down the middle and the trolley line running down the middle and trolley line running down the middle and the prim houses setting back on their lawns and gardens on either side—and then the Connectiout Valley with its endless pandama of wonderful dissolving views.

"After this I felt that I just couldn't stand the dirt and smoke and roar of a town, and so when the car came to a stop at last in the bustling public square of

at last in the bustling public square of Springfield I stayed just long enough to snatch a hasty bite of dinner and then got on another oar, determined to travel until I should get to some rural spot where I should be able to carry the impressions of the day with me into my dreams.
"I reached Palmer about 8 o'clock, but

that place didn't suit me, and so I got on still another car and went on to Ware. As this seemed better, I dismounted and asked my way to the hotel. "The hotel stood on the main street, but

on the assumption that its back windows would look out on lawns and gardens I went in and asked if I could get a large, quiet,

airy room for the night.

"I suppose hotel keepers are hotel keepers all over the world. I was assured that I could have everything I desired and then I was taken upstairs and left in a stuffy little box with one window—hermetically sealed, I think—which commanded a view of a large and populous chicken yard.

sealed, I think—which commanded a of a large and populous chicken yard. "At first I thought I should never dare to protest, but then I gathered up my courage, marched downstairs again and told that man that I knew I was a terrible crank, but

"And do you know he was as nice as he could be about it! He even went to the corner of the street with me and pointed out a house where he said I could probably

et just what I wanted.
"And did I? Well just! "I walked up a broad, quiet street, dim with the shadow of great elms and bordered on either side with trim little white houses buried in lilac and syringa bushes to a neat cottage with a "seven sisters" rose over the porch. The dearest little story book New England spinster opened to my knock—with a gem of an old brass knocker.

then led me up into the very room that my soul had been hungering for—a big, silent room with wide open windows on three sides, shining mahogany turniture, blue and white flowered chintz hangings, and a great soft four poster bed. Oh! I was washed and into that bed before my little hostess could hardly have get downstairs.

"The next morning's ride landed me at Worcester, and from there I took the famous bee line' to Boston, a new road that makes the forty miles in two hours. As I was to stay with friends in Hingham I tarried not in the Hub but made straight for the pier and took a boat that carried me across the bay and landed me at my destination

the bay and landed me at my destination in time to dine with my entertainers.

"The next morning I was up with the larks, crossed the bay in the early coolness and was well started on the last lap of my

and was well started on the last lap of my journey by 10 o'clock.

"About noon I got into Newburyport, a charming little shore town, and some way the smell of it set me to thinking of clam chowder. Accordingly I marched into the big hotel on the main street and asked the young man at the desk if they were going to have clam chowder for dinner.

"He swung the register about toward me with a most magnificent gesture—but he didn't say whether they were going to have clam chowder. I looked coldly and distantly at the register and repeated firmly:

firmly:
"I want to know if you are going to have clam chowder to-day." "'Oh, anything you please, ma'am—anything you please,' he answered persuasively, holding out a pen to me.
"I waved the pen haughtily aside,
"'Do you know positively,' I said, 'whether you are going to have clam chowder for dinner to-day?'

"'Oh, I guess so,' he said, smiling and again profiering me his pen.
"'But are you sure?' I insisted.
"'Why, I couldn't swear to it,' he replied.
"'Well, then,' I said, 'I shall have to ask you to go and find out.'
"He didn't like it a bit, but he finally did interview the cook, and pretty soon he came

interview the cook, and pretty soon he cam back and confessed that they weren't going back and confessed that they weren't going to have clam chowder that day. So with great dignity I bade him a very good morn-ing and went out and hunted up a dirty little eating house in a side street, where I had one of the best clam chowders I have ever eaten in my life. The clam chowder of ever eaten in my life. The clam chowder of Newburyport when found is certainly superior article.

superior article.

Late that afternoon I reached Eliot and the friend with whom I was to spend the better part of my vacation. Not counting stopovers, I had just been four days and a half on the road. The guide book said that if one should—or could—ride without intermission the trip from New York to Becton could be made in exactly twenty hours and thirty minutes, but that for a comfortable trip the traveller should count on taking three days. I had taken three and a half only in order to make my stopovers with friends. I could easily have done it in three. in three.
"The distance is 212 miles and the fare

amount to \$3.05—that is, if you make only the prescribed changes and don't forget to ask for transfers. "It's a fine trip for beginners; but it's

altogether too tame and easy for me now This summer I'm going to break loose from the guide book, map out my own itinerary and do some exploring. This time I'm off for the wilds of western Massachusetts and the Berkshire Hills."

IN APPLE PIE ORDER.

The Origin of This Familiar Phrase Considered by Mr. Gwillphilbly.

"I know," said Mr. Gwillplillbly, "this is pretty hot weather to be asking questions, but I would like it if somebody would tell me the origin of the phrase 'in apple pie order,' meaning, as you know, that the thing or place so characterized is in the very slick-est and trimmest sort of shape, homely, perhaps, but attractive and wholesome. It originated in New England, no doubt; this use of pie as a basis of comparison seems clearly to indicate that; but how did apple pie come thus to be set up as the symbol of superior excellence?

"I suppose it was partly because of apple pie's priority of invention, for I imagine it will be conceded that apple was the first pie; but I suppose that its continued use in this manner has been due to the apple pie's unbrokenly continued preeminence in all good pie qualities. It could not have been long after the invention of apple pie before pumpkin pie was introduced, and mince is certainly an old time pie, and so likewise is cranberry; and 'in apple pie likewise is cranberry; and 'in apple pie order' certainly could not at once have become so firmly intrenched among the contemporaneous native New England forms of speech as to preclude the possibility of its being supplanted by 'in pumpkin pie order,' or 'in mince pie order,' if these not much liked productions of Pilgrim ingenuity bed either of them displaced apple pie from

had either of them displaced apple pie from the highest pinnacle of popular esteem. "But neither of them ever did, which shows to my mind incidentally not only the clearheadedness and correct taste of those sagacious early inventors of pie but as well the perspicuity of their succeed-ing generations. In apple pie order still stands, as indeed it should; for of all pies apple pie is undoubtedly the best, and if we

are to have a pie figure to denote excel-lence that pie should be apple pie.

"As it is made in New England homes by New England housewives truly there is no pie like apple pie such as this, with a pie crust that somehow seems never to be equalled in the production of any other

equalled in the production of any other kitchen and with contents of surpassing pie joy, this apple pie when it has finally been made ready for eating.

"For this pie, the real apple pie of New England, goes through a final glorifying process after it has been baked. When they have taken the pie from the oven and placed it on the kitchen table they deftly remove the ton crust so deftly remove the ton crust so deftly defuly remove the top crust, so defuly that it is never broken nor even its edges marred, and when this delightful disk of crust has been thus removed they spread around on the surface of the pie's filling a little fine butter, and some people sprinkle a little fine butter, and some people sprinkle in a little grated nutmeg—though I can't say I fancy the nutmeg—and now they add sugar, and now you replace the top crust. You see the idea of adding the sugar after the pie is baked? With at least some of the sweetening left to be added now you do not have a thoroughly sweetened pie, but you get still the keen taste of the apple, and you get the sweentening too, but you blend these delightfully in the eating.

the eating.

"And thus prepared the apple pie is ready to eat. And it may be eaten hot, and in that condition there are few things more delightful; but as for myself I prefer this pie just at the moment when it has

first got cool.
"Of course it will be understood that the apple pie in this form is a work of love and pride, to be found only in homes and to be had and enjoyed at its very best and to be had and enjoyed at its very best only where one can get home to eat it. But there are New England homes, and some elsewhere. I hope, where apple pie is still so made, and though you may think the weather too hot to discuss it, that such apple pie should have been coined into a phrase signifying everything that is good is to me no wonder. It is in this pie's simple excellence, I believe, that we find the origin of 'in apple pie order.'" the origin of 'in apple pie order.'

WHY SYRACUSE WON.

One Collegian Ascribed It to a Mascot the Oarsmen Didn't Have.

After the intercollegiate boat races at Poughkeepsie an enthusiastic Syracuse man started a story to explain why Syracuse couldn't help winning. He said that after the accident to the varsity shell two days before the race, John Hoyle, the Cornell boat builder, had repaired the break with a piece of cedar from the Cornell shell of 1, in which the Ithaca oarsmen made record of 18 minutes 53 1-5 seconds for the four miles.

The Syracusan told a reporter for a Syra-cuse paper about it and the reporter wrote t. Some one showed that to Coach Courtit. Some one showed that to Coach Courtney, who happened to be with Conibear, the coach of the University of Washington crews. They exchanged smiles. "Cornell sold that 1901 boat about three years ago to the University of Washington out in Seattle, and I'm blessed if I can see how John Hoyle got the cedar from that shell," said Mr. Courtney. "The Syracuse man isn't on the right track in trying to account for the Courtney. "The Syracuse man isn't on the right track in trying to account for the knock—with a gem of an old brass knocker, by the way. She listened to my story and victory.

MRS. MAX MAKES SOME SANDWICHES

And Jack Daring Discourses on the Charm of a Gurgling Stream.

"The trouble with this living in the country is that it is the country," declared Jack Daring. "There is nothing to do." "How about doing the country?"

gested Major Max. "That's a ripping idea," declared Mrs Daring. "Let's do it. We'll have a pionic." Mrs. Max frowned gently. A pionic suggested creepy things to her, and to know just the kind and degree of aversion she felt for such and her almost equal distaste for twigs and leaves which oling to feminine

trait of her character. Conventional cleanliness and order are the chief tenets of her very own, her personal religion. "I know a corking place for a picnic, Daring urged eagerly, noting the frown There's a cool stream, one of the kind which gurgles like wine from a bottle. Cool

garments would be to know an essential

bottle or two there, all right." "And there's a lovely big clean flat stone for the Majoress to sit on," Mrs. Daring exclaimed, helping her husband out. it all up with rugs and pillows. Fine!"

"But things drop from the trees," obected Mrs. Max. "Hang a parasol over you-two parasols! cried Daring.

"Oh, come!" exclaimed Polly Slanguer. What's the use of flimflamming the poor woman. I'll tell you what it is, Maxy' (that is the spirited Polly's name for demure Mrs. Max), "the gang has conspired to work you for a basket of those joyful sandwiches you make like a darling little oork angel. I don't see any decent reason why we shouldn't blurt it out and put it up to you to be nice or to be nasty. You know you couldn't be nasty if you tried; so get on your blue apron and we'll all help. My young man will chop or cut or mix anything you tell me to order him to. Let's get busy!"

The person designated as Polly's young man rose straight and tall, saluted in military fashion and then sat down again in the easy veranda chair, on the arm of which the Major had placed a glass of something.

"There!" said Polly, watching the per-formance approvingly, "Isn't Col. Billings well housebroke young man? He got his Lieutenant-Colonelcy at such a tender age because of being so well housebroke. I've heard that some silly stunts in the Philippines helped too, but he'll run away if you speak of that. How about the sandwiches, Max?"

"Nice cool stream, and it gurgles," sisted Daring. "Hot day like this-fine!" "I think, my dear, we may as well sur-render." the Major remarked to his wife "We'll have these people on our hands all day anyway, and we may as well feed them and drink them by a gurgling stream as anywhere else."

"Don't have to drink us," Daring said "I have some bottles in my car. Put 'em there with view to gurgling stream. Cool! Fine!

"Well." Mrs. Max announced after a pause, "I'll have the things brought out here and perhaps some of you can help, although the Mrs. Major Hunter sandwich has to be made carefully-by people of

"That counts me in." Miss Slanguer announced comfortably as Mrs. Max disappeared into the house. When she reappeared she was followed by a servant bearing on a great tray the materials for the famous sandwich after a recipe she learned from the wife of an army friend of the Major. Two tables were brought, and the materials and tools for making heing all accounted present, as Mrs. Max recited the roll call, work proceeded.

While Mrs. Daring was grating a pound of American cheese Polly chopped very fine a bit of onion, enough to make a teaspoonful. Further preparatory work was distributed. A can of pimentos, strained from their liquor (the latter being preserved) were chopped with painstaking ardor by Bob Billings, Mrs. Max herself chipped with a knife a dozen green olives into bits the size of coffee beans, and gave to Mrs. Daring some sweet gherkin pickles to cut up in like manner an amount to equal the olives.

The Major took charge of slicing bread allowing Jack Daring to cut off the crusts and butter the slices, occupations to which they gave attention which was serious almost intense.

"It is almost religious, isn't it?" inquired Polly, first to break the silence. "I wonder if professional cooks feel this sort of thing as deeply as I do. Darn it! I've grated another finger. I suppose one or two of my pretty fingers in all this mixture won't

"A finger in a pie is sanctioned by proverb but in a sandwich it would be unconventional," the Major commented.

Mrs. Max took the grated cheese and stirred into it the chopped onion, and then proceeded with further composition while the others looked on in awed silence. First over the mixture there was a cau

tious shaking of salt. "Too much salt is a dreadful fault in this sandwich," she mused. "Mrs. Hunter says 'a little,' but of course the exact amount

is a matter of inspiration." "Like knowing what kind of a hat to wear. commented Polly. "Or putting," added Daring.

"Now," continued Mrs. Max, "a half teaspoonful-or a tiny bit more-of dry mustard, a dusting, like that, of paprika, and a tablespoonful-or a drop or two less-of Worcestershire sauce. Mushroom sauce or walnut catsup will do for a change, but I remember that this is the turn for Worcestershire and then you moisten it Major, give me the liquor from the pi

mentos That liquor and also some of the swee vinegar from the gherkins was slowly added to the stock, which was vigorously stirred the while until it was a thin paste. "What's the matter with letting us eat it

out of the dish, just as it is?" asked Polly eagerly. "You take those table napkins and put them in that pan of ice water," commanded Mrs. Max, ignoring the question, "and wring them out for me when I tell you to." Next the olives, pimentos and gherkins were added and stirred until they were

thoroughly distributed. "It's going to be something like a plum pudding, I should say," Daring remarked, arranging slices of crustless bread on a platter. "You'll be delighted with the way that stream gurgles, Max, because-because

"If you like," said Mrs. Max, "you can add a cupful of chopped walnuts, but as the mixture is thin it makes the bread and everything soft and nice, and somehow the walaute don't -don't-"

"Don't symphonize," suggested the Major. "Now we'll spread," answered Mrs. Max after a final stir. "There will be enough here for twelve. How many are there

ever at the clubhouse, replied Mrs. Daring.

but as there are six of us already and PEORGIANNA TRIES there's only enough for twelve we won't J MATCHMAKING AGAIN

> And Credits Herself With a Victory in a Manner Quite Unex-

"Am I spreading the goo thick enough?" pected. asked Billings. "It has a heavenly per-fume. When do we start?" "Now, Polly, wring out those napkins and wrap them around bundles of these sand-"William," said Georgianna Lankester as she put her elbows on the table and wiches. I wonder where Marjorie is. I rested her chin in her hands, a sure sign "Do you want to kill the angel child!"

that a woman is settling down for a long talk, "my marriage school was a su after all. I take all the credit for Julia Brown's marriage."

William, being still absorbed in his breakfast, said nothing. Georgianna, he knew from experience, could carry on the conversation by herself in its early stages.

"I called on her yesterday," Georgianna went on, "and she was just radiantly happy. after all," mused Daring as he hungrily watched the bundles of sandwiches being which was to be expected. I asked her what she had done with her independent placed in the basket. "There's such a lot views and she said she still had them but she wasn't using them. But she was perfectly sure that her way to marriage was "I thought," said the Major, "you would the best; start out independent, she said, and be convinced against your will. But it seems to me, dear, that it doesn't make Col. Billings turned away his face and any difference how you come to it as long as you get there. Don't you think so, tant subject," the Major continued. "It

"Surely," said William, "but wherefore this preliminary? You've got some idea, Georgie, that you want to unload. Let's have it.'

"I am coming to it," said Georgianna "all in good time. Having made such a success with our first pupil let's take another.'

"Now. Georgie." her husband warned you don't have to help folks get married. Those who are headed that way don't need your help, and the others are better unmarried, probably."

"But it's such fun," persisted Georgianna. Besides I have a very urgent case in mind -your friend Richard Jameson

"Going to try a man pupil this time?" asked William. "Well, I wish you luck. But you'll have a hard time with Dick. He's a confirmed bachelor if there ever was one.

"All he needs is waking up," said Mrs. Lankester, "and I know just the girl to do it-Alicia Lawrence. They know each other quite well, but they haven't had a chance to become anything more than friends. Alicia's grandmother is so strict. It's too bad Alicia's mother isn't alive or that Alicia herself hasn't more spirit." "What are you going to do?" interrupted

"I want to ask them both to go with us next week. There is lots of room on the houseboat for two more." "But I want you all to myself, dear." said

William.

Georgianna's brown eyes were tender and appealing. "And I would rather be alone with you," she said, "but this is only for a week, and we are to have a month on the Loafer." The Loafer was the Lankester family houseboat. William and Georgianna had it for July.

"No more than a week, then." said William. "But why do you pick out the Loafer for your second class in matrimony? "Recause a houseboat is so delightfully intimate," his wife replied. "Proximity and a romantic setting are creators of affection and you certainly get them both on a houseboat on the Shrewsbury in July."

"Especially the proximity. "But you mustn't forget the moonlight, William dear. It all helps."

first into the water in front.

And when a seal lies on a table like that, sleeping or dozing, people stand around the pool watching and waiting for the seal to fall off. He won't hurt himself when he does fall, he will simply fall off into the water; but old and young, men, women and children, will stand there with keen interest silently watching and waiting for that seal to fall.

A sleeping seal is always likely to more So it was settled. Georgianna arranged verything and the first week in July found Mr. and Mrs. Lankester and their two guests safely aboard the Loafer. Georgianna that seal to fall.

A sleeping seal is always likely to move a little in its sleep, not shifting position, but maybe its flippers, or giving its body little switches, and this seal moves in that way every now and then. It doesn't seem as if it could make any movement at all without falling off. But it does. It unhad wished to surprise both Miss Lawrence and Mr. Jameson, and neither knew that the other was coming.

The boat was at Seabright. Georgianna took her friend down early in the day, and William showed up with Jameson in folds its tail flippers and then folds them up together to lie still again, and some-times it spreads its forward flippers and afternoon. Georgianna was eager to watch the effect of the meeting on these two then folds them back on its body again, and every now and then it nods. Its head hanging over the edge of the table She was puzzled by what did happen. She and Alicia were sitting on deck when the

men came aboard. "I had to get a man for you, of course, Georgianna said when the men Alicia!" appeared.

Alicia hadn't noticed who was with William and started in surprise. "Oh, I wish you hadn't, Georgie." said. "I'd rather be alone."

"But it's only Dick Jameson," Georgianna. "I know you like him." "O-o-o." Alicia began, and then she caught sight of Mr. Jameson and blushed furiously. She recovered herself quickly and greeted both men cordially but with formality. As for Jameson, he was startled for a moment, then great joy showed in his face and he indicated plainly that a warmer greeting would have been more acceptable, not from his hostess but from

the water, and then a buzz runs around among the watching people and every-body smiles and you hear some people the other guest. There was a moment's embarra for all four. Then William announced audibly.

The seal takes a little short, easy turn that it was hot and he knew where the icearound in the water and comes back and climbs up again on the table, raises its head there and takes a look around at the people box was and would they all sit down and wait.

While William is getting the ice and other things let us look at these young persons who were the present objects of Georgianna's solicitude.

and then lies down and goes to sleep again.

And many stay to see him fall off again, while in place of those who move on others stop to look, and so there are always lots of people deeply interested, men, women and children, standing silently around the Alicia Lawrence was a slim young woman of delicate coloring and that particular shade of corn yellow hair which never gives rise to a doubt of its naturalness. She seemed indolent as she lay back in an easy chair, but her gray blue eyes showed spirit and determination. It was apparent that she had followed the path of least resistance through life, but the power to act, independent of person and circumstance, was there too. if she would but use it.

Richard Jameson was of the masterful type. There was breadth and solidity of body with his six feet or more. He was black haired and dark featured, and he smiled often, which men of that type usually don't do.

Georgiana was thinking what a good match it was, from outward appearances. A most artistic contrast, she said to herself, and made up her mind that things must come to pass as she had planned. wished they would talk to each other, but Alicia was gazing unconcernedly out over the water, while Richard was gazing con-cernedly at Alicia.

William's return ended the constraint.

er nau constructed a sauterne cup, not even neglecting to put a section of occum-ber in the assortment of fruits. The talk became general and by dinner time every one was quite at ease. He had constructed a sauterne cup, not

one was quite at ease.

As they dispersed to prepare for dinner,
Alicia and Richard were alone for a moment.

"What shall we do, Dick?" Alicia whispered tragically.

Stick it out for the week, I suppose," said the man, "unless—"
"Hurry up, you two!" Georgie's voice called from the cabin. "With our primitive

ousekeeping here you mustn't be late."
So Dick had no time to tell his alternative.
At the table William dominated the conversation. He wanted to liven things up, but his wife palpably didn't approve of his

by the motorman or conductor. The wonder is that he never gets hurt, for he leaves the car and returns to it again when "You'll find it cosey here," he said to his "You'll find it cosey here, he said to his guests. "Georgie says a houseboat is de-lightfully intimate and romantic. Just the place"—Georgie choked warningly over her soup—"just the place for a good time," he concluded lamely. it is going at a lively clip.
"We give him a ride nearly every night,"
said the conductor, "and he always enjoys
it. So for that matter do we, and so do the A houseboat is a great place for honey-

moons," he said later when no one else was ready with a remark. "Georgie and I spent part of ours on the Loafer last year. I'll lend the boat to you, Dick, if you ever want her for that purpose. It's about time you did."

"Thanks." said James to be the control of the control

"Thanks," said Jameson briefly. "I'll remember."

"You seem to have honeymoons on the brain, William," Alicia drawled. "I suppose yours and Georgie's isn't over yet after a

"Indeed it isn't," said Georgianna and "Indeed it isn't," said deorgania and William in chorus.

"Now nice!" said Alicia in the apathetic tone one uses when one would like to say:
"Let's talk of something not quite so uninteresting." Apparently Alicia wasn't interested in honeymoons. Her remark ended the conversation except for the necessary table courtesies.

They had coffee on deck. There was a moon, Georgianna noted with satisfaction, and she set about it to get Alicia and Richard away to themselves. Maybe she showed her hand too plainly. At any rate she found the couple singularly obtuse. They seemed quite content to stay with their hosts.

hosts.

Bedtime found the four still together.

When she was alone with William in their
room Georgianna voiced her disappoint-

room Georgianna voiced her disappointment.

"I'm afraid they're hopeless, dear," she said, "especially Alicia. She seemed quite put out when you appeared with Dick this afternoon and she has been the picture of icy reserve ever since. He seems eager enough. I am sure he worships her."

"I wish they'd go away and leave us alone," said William.

If Georgianna and William could have been on the other side of the boat just then they would have found something not only interesting but mystifying. The rooms occupied by their guests adjoined and the windows were close together. So when Alicia put forth her head, doubtless to ask the watchman to tell her of the night, the only watchman on view was Richard, whose head wasn't far away.

They whispered together excitedly. The man seemed to be urging, the woman temporizing. They reached no decision, apparently, for Alicia ended the argument with:

"No, for the hundredth time, Dick, dear! We'll have to wait until grandma dies or reforms."

We'll have to wait until grandma dies or reforms.

"And another thing, Dick. While we're down here act as if you didn't care about me at all. All the evening you looked as if you wanted to eat me up.

"Well, I did," Dick protested.

"That's right, dear, but don't show it. Georgiannais a matchmaker and she brought us down here just to make us fall in love. If only she knew! Now, don't you let on that you care a rap about me. We'll fool her."

The girl's head disappeared but was back

The girl's head disappeared but was back again in a moment.

"Do you think you can reach, dear?" she asked and stretched her head toward him swanlike. She wished no doubt that she had the neck of a swan.

"I'll try," said the man, and he did, and succeeded. The fish alone saw it, but it was not a fishing smack.

The next day Jameson remembered his instructions, and he was distant, almost cold, to Alicia. Georgianna found herself balked at every attempt to carry out her scheme to bring these two together. She was genuinely distressed at her failure, for when Georgianna had set her heart on anything in the matrimonial line she couldn't bear to see it fail. Her husband couldn't help her except to comfort her. She was in tears every night when the party broke up.

party broke up.

They had gone to the Loafer on Monday, and by Friday Georgianna had given up hope. She confessed as much that night to William.

hope. She confessed as much that night to William.

"I am just as well pleased," said William, "though I feel properly sorry for you, my dear. And I wish they'd go and leave us to ourselves. They're not having much fun over it, and Lord knows we're not."

"Oh, they'll stay till Monday, I suppose," said Georgianna, "and after then, dear, we'll be just by our two selves. I'm sorry I tried this second class in matrimony."

But every evening at bedtime there had been whispered conferences on the other side of the boat. If Richard showed indifference when he and Alicia were with their host and hostess it disappeared when his head and Alicia's bobbed out of their cabin windows. He had not been content with the flat refusal of the first night and kept on pleading with her. There was no visible sign that she had changed her mind except that what the observant fish had seen at first was repeated every night. It took

that what the observant fish had seen at first was repeated every night. It took longer with every repetition.

Georgianna had put much faith in proximity and moonlight. They had their effect after all, for on Friday night it seemed as if Richard did most of the talking and Alicia protested less and less.

Alicia protested less and less. Finally, he said:

"Let's go away from here to-morrow, dear, and have done with this foolish waiting."

dear, and have done with this foolish waiting."

"It would be a good joke on Georgianna, wouldn't it?" said Alicia, reflecting audibly. "But there's grandma. Oh! I dare not. She won't listen to my leaving her."

"Bother your grandmother!" exclaimed Jameson. "See here, Alicia, that old woman isn't going to spoil our lives any longer. I want you to come with me to-morrow. I insist on it, and I have the right to insist. Will you, Alicia?"

"It's so hard to make up my mind," said the girl. Then she sighed and looked longingly at the man so near her. His eyes caught and held her. A minute later she straightened up with a decisive motion, gripped the sill of the window firmly and said with unwonted vigor:

"I'll go with you at 10 to-morrow."

said with unwonted vigor:

"I'll go with you at 10 to-morrow."

Richard reached out as if to take her in his arms. He couldn't reach.

"Damn this stretch!" he burst out, "but it's the last time."

Alicia laughed joyously. The decision had awakened her. "The usual long distance way will have to do to-night," she said, and they kissed without any of the accustomed frills. A fish jumped clear out of the water in his eagerness to see why it took so long.

took so long.

Georgianna was sitting lazily on deck at 10 the next morning. Having given up hope she was more contented. William was half dozing over the newspaper. The guesta who wouldn't be matched had disappeared. Georgianna didn't know where

appeared. Georgianna didn't know where and didn't care.

Just then Mr. Richard Jameson and Miss Alicia Lawrence appeared in the doorway of the cabin. They were dressed as if for a journey and had their suit cases.

"Why, what's up! It isn't Monday yet," said Georgianna. Which was very impolite of her. William woke up and got to his feet hurriedly.

"Tired of us already?" he asked. "Why don't you stick it out?" Obviously the

don't you stick it out?" Obviously the social amenities were forgotten. social amenities were forgotten.

"We're going on our honeymoon, if you don't mind," Alicia announced.

"Honeymoon!" exclaimed the beaten matchmaker. "Why, that's just what I have been hoping for. But how did you do it?"

"We didn't have to," said Mr. Jameson, specking for both

"We didn't have to," said Mr. Jameson, speaking for both.

"Oh, I see," said Georgianna. "You sly things. You were engaged when you came here and have been playing 'possum. Well, all's well and so forth. Come along, William, we'll have to go along and see that these young folks get married proparly."

"You see—"
"Don't you want us? Oh, very well."
And Georgianna tried to look offended.
"Why don't you let me finish?" said Alicia.
"We don't need you because—well, because we are married already."
"Been married three months." Bishand married three months," Richard

chimed in.

Georgianna collapsed in her chair. William whistled.

"You see." Alicia explained, "Dick and I got tired of waiting for grandma to be reasonable, so one day we just got married. Then I got afraid and went home again. Dick's been getting more and more peevish ever since, and when we came down here he began to plead and plead with me, and now I've decided to end all this uncertainty."

tainty."

"But you two have scarcely spoken since you've been here," said Georgianna.

The pair of them grinned. "There's a fine moonlight outlook from our windows," they explained. Georgianna didn't need a

they explained. Georgianna didn't need a diagram.

"It's really your doing, Georgie," Alicia went on. "Having us down here brought matters to a climax."

Georgianna smiled contentedly. "Then I'll take the credit," she said, "and wish you good luok and good-by."

THREE PENNY PIECE THAT HAS SOLD FOR \$275.

Coined by John Higley, a Connecticut Blacks

smith—One Series Bore the Legend "Value Me as You Please"—Made From Metal Mined in His Own State. If that Connecticut blacksmith of Colonial days John Higley could have seen one of his much berated copper threepence pieces of home manufacture bring \$275 at a coin sale in this city the other day he would have noted with great satisfaction, no doubt. that the injunction engraved upon one of his coins—"Value Me as You Please"—had

been interpreted more liberally than he could have anticipated. Completely outclassed by the many splendid examples of die cutting disposed of at the same time, this crudely engraved piece of worn copper excited more attention than any of its pretentious associates. The principal design, a deer, was not much better than the caricature of that animal to be found on any schoolboy's slate, and the punctuation of the legends was executed with a fine disregard for all rules, a period having been carefully placed after each

The coin in question, which was the first American made copper coin to pass in this country as currency, was struck from homemade dies, and on the obverse showed a deer standing to the left. Above the animal is a small crescent within a plain circle. which is broken at the bottom by scrollwork enclosing the numerals "III " Around the border is the legend "VALUE. ME. AS. YOU. PLEASE," with a hand pointing to the word "Value." On the reverse is a large broadaxe, surrounded by the inscription at the border, "J. CUT. MY. WAY. THROUGH." This variety is undated, but is thought to have been issued in 1787, 1738 or 1739.

American numismatics do not embrace a more interesting series of coins than those struck by Higley, although detailed information regarding his operations are not available. From what can be learned he was a blacksmith and in 1737 pursued his trade at the town of Granby, Conn. near by which place was located some of the first copper mines to be worked by Europeans in this country.

in those days a multitude of commodities had to do service as a circulating medium, from "muskett bulletts of a full boare,"

from "muskett bulletts of a full boare," at a farthing each, down to tobacco at two shillings to the pound. Gold, silver and copper currency was scarce, and even when obtainable represented such a variety of values that much confusion in handling it was experienced by the Colonials.

The story goes that Higley at this time conceived the idea of providing a home made substitute for the coins of the realm, and his first experiment in this direction resulted in the production of a copper coin about the size of an old time copper cent which showed a deer standing within a circle on the obverse. Below were the Roman numerals "III." and around the border were the words "The Value of Three Pence." On the reverse in the field were represented three hammers, over each of which was a crown. The legend ran "Connecticut" and the date was 1737.

Higley, it is said, was quite satisfied to

which was a crown. The legislate the "Connecticut" and the date was 1737.

Higley, it is said, was quite satisfied to exploit his own money, and wherever he went in the vicinity of Granby he would tender payment for his purchases in the shape of these crude copper pieces. And it seems they were quite freely accepted. The blacksmith turned out his coppers in sufficient quantities to more than meet local demands, until finally the tills of the local tradesmen were full to overflowing. And then came a protest against their acceptance at the value of threepence. Higley was equal to the emergency, Higley was equal to the emergency, however, for he immediately turned out a new design. This showed a deer standing in a circle on the obverse with the value "III." below and surrounded by the inscription "Value Me As You Please." On the reverse were the same crowned hammers as borne by his first issue, but the new legend read "I Am Good Copper," which was followed by twenty-seven small dots in the form of two irregular triangles and one star or circle, with the date "1737." At once putting the new issue into circu

tion, this pioneer American coinmaker left the valuation of his copper pieces to be tion, this pioneer American coinmaker lett the valuation of his copper pieces to be determined by conditions.

The Higley coins consisted altogether of seven obverse and four reverse dies, all combining the general features of the specimens described, but bearing minor differences. The coins were all made with beaded or milled borders and varied in size, the weight ranging from 120 to 170 grains. The denomination of threepence was placed upon them to meet the depreciated value of the Colonial paper money, then so extensively circulated, although all of his coins were of the purest copper. In fact so pure was the metal contained in these pieces that they were much sought by goldsmiths of the period for the purposes of alloy, and the coins seem to have been in pretty general use until 1792, the time of the opening of the United States mint.

The Higley pieces were struck in the years 1787, 1738 and 1739, specimens bearing the first and last dates being well known. A coin of this series with the date 1738 is not known to exist.

Notwithstanding the lack of authority

not known to exist.

Notwithstanding the lack of authority
Higley issued these coins without hindrance, and later endeavored to place his coinage upon a lawful basis by enlisting the services of one John Read of Boston to have the

of one John Read of Boston to have the copper product of his mint made the monetary standard of the province.

On October 15, 1739, Read addressed a memorial to the General Court of Connecticut, in which he suggested that the court obtain from the crown authority for the establishment of a mint at which copper coins could be struck to supply the Colonists with a proper currency and at the same time develop the mines and natural resources of the colony. He drew attention to the lamentable condition of the currency of New England at this period, due to the de-

the lamentable condition of the currency of New England at this period, due to the depreciation of the paper bills so lavishly issued by the various colonies.

Read proposed a currency of English halfpence and farthings, to be made from Connecticut copper, with which were to be redeemed the outstanding bills of Connecticut, new bills only to, replace those already in circulation. He suggested that a bank be created, which should pay its obligations and those of the colony upon demand, in the course of business, one-half in the new bills and one-half in the copper money of the proposed new Connecticut mint.

Very little attention, however, seems to have been paid to the petition of Higley's representative, although later Connecticuts was flooded with the copper coin of private

was flooded with the copper coin of private individuals.

Every one of the varieties of the Higley pieces is rare, and the coins are but seldom offered for sale, owing to the few known being contained in the big collections, and even the celebrated Stickney collection, disposed of last year, contained but one specimen. All the pieces now located are in more or less worn condition, due to extensive use and the extreme softness of the metal. If an uncirculated specimen of one of the varieties of the Higley threepence were to come to light and offered for sale it would in all probability bring a premium in excess of that paid for any copper coin ever issued in America.

One Industry of the Pesky Ant.

Out in Burma and the Far East, where sandalwood is worth its weight in silver. the pestiferous ant is a valuable assistant to the loggers of that precious timber The hard and fragrant heartwood alone has value, but as the tree grows this valuable heart is overlaid by a soft and worthless layer forming two-thirds of the trunk. When a tree is felled and cut into lengths the loggers let the timber lie. At once the ants begin work upon the soft wood, which is sappy and sweet enough to attract them. In a few weeks, less than a month in the case of the largest butts, the ants deliver the heartwood free of all the worthless